Predicaments

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by StratsWrote

Summary

The good thing about being bonded was that eventually, your cycles synced up. Heats and ruts could still be triggered by outside circumstances, but generally, both you and your partner suffered together, instead of alone. Will had always been more or less regular, heats coming every three months, give or take a few days. Hannibal was like clockwork, a perfectly scheduled three-day weekend every three months. When they got together, they synchronized almost immediately.

Will was busy, however. He didn't always remember to track his heat- he had Hannibal for that. He didn't realize he was late until he came home to a red-eyed Alpha growling at him from the doorway of the kitchen.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

The good thing about being bonded was that eventually, your cycles synced up. Heats and ruts could still be triggered by outside circumstances, but generally, both you and your partner suffered together, instead of alone. Will had always been more or less regular, heats coming every three months, give or take a few days. Hannibal was like clockwork, a perfectly scheduled three-day weekend every three months. When they got together, they synchronized almost immediately.

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Generally, they succumbed together, the slick scent of Will's heat drawing Hannibal further and further into his rut, until they fed into each other. Until they were an endless feedback loop of sensation, of pleasure and need.

Hannibal would have expected Will to come straight home when the pre-heat symptoms started, but they never had. While Will spent hours pouring over files and corpses, Hannibal would have prepped their home, corralling their dogs into the den, gathering easy and energy-boosting foods, and building up their nest. By the time he realized Will was not coming home, he would have been too far gone to make the drive himself.

And indeed, he was *very* far gone. The brown of his eyes was gone, overwhelmed by reddened lust, and a thin sheen of sweat had broken out across his skin. Hannibal was beyond words, beyond inquires towards Will's health or reproachful remarks about his tardiness. There was exactly one thing on Hannibal's mind, and it centered around the prominent bulge of his carefully tailored pants.

Will made a few quick observations in the scant seconds they stared at each other.

Number one: He was not in heat. He was not even in pre-heat. That set off warning bells to be thought about at a later time, but what it meant now was that he was dry, unaroused, and while his body would produce slick once they got going, it would not be nearly the amount he produced in the dead of his heat, certainly not enough to handle a full rut. Nor would he open as easily, without the heavy pheromones guiding him into eager submission.

Number Two: Hannibal was not capable of being reasoned with. They had a safeword they'd practiced with, until they were certain they each could recognize it despite addled states, but Hannibal was driven by instinct right now and resisting it would be a hell Will had no desire to inflict, especially given the way his own arousal was finally beginning to respond, at a much more muted pace.

Number Three: The lube was all the way upstairs in their bedroom, and running would be seen as a challenge. A primal chase was a game they both enjoyed, but it was also a good way to ensure Hannibal fucked him right there in the hall, preparation be damned. It would feel good, it always did with Hannibal ,but it was also guaranteed to hurt.

To turn his back on Hannibal now would only enrage him. It would be the sexual equivalent of suicide, of exposing your weak points to a predator. But there were only so many options, and Will had to choose the best chance he had.

Will bolted for the stairs.

Behind him, Hannibal's growl flooded the hall, enraged, overwhelming. His footsteps were heavy. This was not the silent, sneaky predator Will had fallen in love with. This was a being fueled entirely by violent instinct.

Will made it halfway up the steps before Hannibal lunged, latching onto his ankle and yanking him backwards. Will narrowly avoided smacking face first into the stairs, catching himself on the hardwood with sweaty hands that slid when Hannibal dragged him further. Will pushed up to his knees, only to have the full weight of his Alpha slam into his back, pressing him painfully into the edges of each step. Will's attempt to crawl up to the landing was met with sharp teeth at his nape, digging in hard enough to draw beads of blood to the surface.

Will's entire body went slack against his will. Omegas and Alphas both had their quirks, but the nape of an Omega's neck was the most potent of the various pressure points. Nature's little safety switch to keep heat-addled Omega's from hurting themselves. And an easy way for an Alpha to corral them where they were needed.

They were a civilized society now, of course. It was entirely *deplorable* for an Alpha to bite the nape of an Omega who did not wholeheartedly consent to such practices. Will had written entire theses on abuse of the Omegan pressure points, on the bite patterns of rapists and serial killers. Omega-only self-defense courses taught Omegas how to avoid the bite entirely or shake off the instinct to freeze when it occurred.

All of that left Will's head in an instant. This was not a paper, of course, or a class. This was *Will's* Alpha, the vicious, violent creature he'd fallen in love with, heavy and hot, maddeningly thick where he rutted against the seat of Will's jeans. Will whimpered, limp beneath Hannibal's teeth, and did not struggle. *Could not* struggle.

Hannibal released him with another wordless growl, pinning Will to the steps with a knee in his back and a hand at his neck. The sound of rustling fabric, Hannibal shifting from one knee to the next, and then Hannibal was back against him, this time bare from the waist down.

Will felt a trickle of slick starting, a warmth in his stomach that had not been there before. It was not enough, and it would not be enough, not without his heat. He could handle a round or two, with the right amount of foreplay, but not an entire three-day rut cycle. Besides that, Hannibal didn't seem inclined to give him that foreplay, if the rough tug to Will's jeans was any indication.

It was going to hurt. Will whimpered again.

"Hannibal," He said, quiet and cautious. Hannibal's teeth nipped at his shoulder blade, a warning with more bite to it than another Alpha might have dared. Will immediately

recalculated. He let his voice shift from his usual timbre to a breathier sound, a whine building up in his chest as he tilted his head and exposed the long line of his throat. Hannibal paused, Will's jeans still caught at the top of his thighs.

"Alpha," Will pleaded, then again, higher, " *Alpha* . Nest?" He let a hint of distress color his whine, false, but not entirely so. He was more nervous than distressed, but Omegas were master manipulators. They had to be, to keep their Alphas in line, and to make sure no one starved to death in a cycle. Omegas in heat had bursts of lucidity in between rounds, clarity that allowed them to make sure they and their Alpha stayed hydrated and fed. They alternated between clear-headedness and heat-induced loss of control. Alphas, on the other hand, slowly regained lucidity towards the end of a rut, buried under the instinct to protect and breed during such a vulnerable time. This meant that Hannibal would be clear headed enough to soothe Will over the last few hours of the cycle, when the heat was at its worst, but it also meant that if Will couldn't get them off the stairs, they'd be stuck here for hours, Hannibal both unable and unwilling to let Will out from under him, where his instincts declared Will would be safest.

Hannibal hummed softly. He was likely beyond actual sentences for a while now, but Will heard him murmur 'nest' as he nuzzled up under Will's jaw, pressing kisses over the scars of Will's mating bite. The purr that rumbled through him told Will he'd meant to be reassuring, but as he lingered over Will's scent glands, he seemed to lose himself more and more. The reassuring nuzzling gave way to sucking kisses, leaving love bites that Will would bear for days. When Hannibal's hands began to fumble with Will's jeans again, Will realized he'd lost him.

"Alpha," Will begged, and this time, the desperation was a bit more honest, "Alpha, please-"

Hannibal gave up on Will's jeans around mid-thigh, trapping Will's legs together, preventing him from spreading his thighs wider to accommodate Hannibal's substantial size. He thrust forward, the head of his cock catching on Will's hole, not quite pressing in. Hannibal pressed his moan into the curve of Will's throat, making Will shudder.

Will was slick, but it was not going to be enough. He knew that, without a doubt. And yet… He almost didn't care. Even outside of heat, his body responded to his Alpha the way it was designed to. As Hannibal rutted against him, Will found himself trying to arch, chest down and ass up, as much as the stairs would allow. Hannibal hummed his pleasure, setting his teeth against Will's mating bite. Will felt Hannibal fumbling behind him, and then the head of his cock caught again. Hannibal started to push in, and Will remembered why he'd run for the stairs in the first place.

Hannibal was big, almost obscenely so. Many Alphas were, it was a stereotype that was rooted at least somewhat in fact. The stereotype about tiny Omegas was another issue entirely, but Alphas really did tend to run a bit larger than their counterparts, all over. Hannibal was no exception. He rolled his hips, easing his way into Will in small, unyielding motions, splitting Will in two ever-so-slowly.

Will ducked his head, pressing his sweaty forehead against the cool hardwood step before him. It was never going to fit like this, there was no way Will could take all of it, and no way Hannibal would settle for anything less. Will let out a low hiss, shifting beneath Hannibal to

try and spread his thighs a little wider. Hannibal growled again at the motion, gripping Will's hips tight enough to leave bruises, forcing him still.

"Hannibal- *Alpha* ," Will protested, "I'm not running, I just need…" He flailed his hand back, smacking Hannibal's hands away to try and work his jeans down a little further.

Will had pushed too far. This was too much defiance for a mated Alpha in full rut. Hannibal gripped Will's wrists in his hands, slamming them against the steps, and sank his teeth back into the nape of Will's neck.

Will sank immediately, body giving out. Hannibal let out a satisfied hum and filled Will in one forceful thrust.

Will's voice caught in his throat, a strangled, choking sound. He could manage just enough strength for his hands to twitch uselessly in Hannibal's grip, nails scraping at the wooden stairs as Hannibal forced him open around his cock. He wasn't stretched enough, wasn't slick enough, and it burned even as it sent sparks up his spine. With Hannibal's teeth in his neck, he didn't have enough leverage to squirm away, and he sobbed as Hannibal pulled back and fucked back in again.

It hurt, and it felt good, and it hurt again, a cycle of 'too much too much.' Their safeword lingered on the tip of Will's tongue, but he held himself back. It ached, of course it ached, but even outside of his heat, Will wanted it. He wanted *Hannibal* , and everything that came with him, even the pain.

"Hannibal," He moaned, a shudder rolling through him. Hannibal was practically purring in satisfaction, mouthing his way from Will's nape down the side of his throat, sucking a dark bruise over Will's mating mark. Will's heat might have been mysteriously tardy, but he still had his instincts. He threw his head back with a sharp cry as Hannibal fucked him, offering up more of his throat. "Yes, Hannibal, Alpha, *please!"*

Hannibal's teeth grazed over the old scar. Will sobbed, trying to free a hand to reach his cock. Hannibal grumbled a warning, interpreting any motion as an escape attempt. He squeezed Will's wrists tighter, biting down over his old imprint. There was nothing Will could do, except be still for his Alpha. There was nothing for Will to rub off against, stomach trapped against the stairs, hips pulled back towards Hannibal. Hannibal's thrusts were smoother now that he'd worked Will over a bit, but occasionally, a rougher motion would shove Will forward, the head of his cock grazing lightly against the steps. It was the worst sort of torture, not quite enough to get him off, but enough of a reminder to keep Will on edge, shivering with need.

Behind him, Hannibal's hips stuttered. Will felt stretched out beyond belief, already, but as Hannibal fucked into him, he remembered that there was more to come. The feel of Hannibal's knot swelling against him sent a fresh wave of panic through Will, and he shook his head, pushing up on his knees. Scrambling at the stairs, he tried to put some distance between himself and Hannibal, but Hannibal was having none of it. He hauled Will back with a snarl, sinking his teeth into Will's shoulder, holding him still as he forced his way inside.

“Hannibal!” Unable to manage relief, Will settled for retribution, reaching back and sinking his nails into the tender flesh of Hannibal’s thighs. It drew a hiss from Hannibal’s lips, but did little to slow him. He eased his way into Will, bit by bit, until Will cried out, shaking as Hannibal flooded him, coming in heavy pulses that Will felt all the way through his body.

All of Hannibal was *a lot* of Hannibal, but Will was hard despite himself. There was a part of him, base and animalistic, that felt nothing but pure ecstasy from being filled up, despite the aching soreness that lingered where Hannibal filled him. Hannibal released Will’s shoulder, kissing gently over the indentations his teeth had left. Some semblance of understanding must have returned to him, because he let go of Will’s hips in favor of his cock, stroking clumsily from root to tip, over and over. Hannibal moved his hips in tiny little motions, knot locking him in place, rubbing against Will everywhere and oh, oh, *oh.*

Will clenched his eyes shut and whined, instinctive, pure Omega in its neediness. He came over Hannibal’s hand, his thighs, the stairs… Hannibal moaned as Will clenched around him, sucking over Will’s scent glands, hips working as much as the clutch of Will’s body would allow.

The thing about Alpha refractory periods during rut, was that there weren’t any. Will had barely recovered from his orgasm before Hannibal was filling him again, rutting against Will’s ass, flooding him until Will could feel Hannibal’s come and his own slick leaking down his thighs, knot be damned. It was an overwhelming amount of sensation, something that was comforting during Will’s heat, but bordering on unpleasant here on the stairs.

Hannibal’s knot could last for anywhere from ten minutes to *thirty* , depending on the mood, and once he deflated, his arousal would ratchet up again, driving him to fill Will up, claim him, mark him, breed him as many times as possible, lock him full of Hannibal’s seed to ensure…

Will’s eyes shot open. He stared at the dark wood in front of him, scratched all to hell now. His eyes were wide, but unseeing. A roaring had flooded his ears. He saw nothing, he heard nothing. He was not here, on the stairs with Hannibal. He was somewhere else. Some *when* else. He was counting backwards to his last heat. To the date of his last birth control shot.

He’d been on time. He usually was, now that he was with Hannibal. You could set your watch by Hannibal, or at least your calendar. And he would not have allowed Will to miss such a crucial appointment, Hannibal took pride in looking after his Omega, even when Will personally felt he could take care of himself. Will was absolutely certain he’d gotten his last dose of the shot, he remembered because he’d scheduled all his doctor appointments for the same day, and that was the day his neurologist had finally told him he could taper off his anti-seizure meds…

A flash of insight, of a folded-up scrap of paper stapled to a prescription bag. Known side effects, including loss of efficacy in other medications.

Will ran a hand over his stomach. It was slightly distended, now that he thought about it. He’d dismissed it as bloating; Hannibal had a tendency to lavish people in food, and Will had been developing a sweet tooth lately.

Cravings.

“Fuck,” Will hissed. Behind him, Hannibal grumbled his approval. He’d begun to deflate, and now he nosed his way over Will’s throat, nuzzling in under his jaw. His hips moved in slow, lazy circles, nudging up into Will, brushing over his sensitive prostate. Will shuddered. He’d worry about it later. Right now, he worried about the state of his poor knees. He shifted, cautious, pushing up a step. Hannibal slid out of him with an uncomfortably damp sound, and a displeased grumble.

A hint of teeth against his throat. Will tilted his head back and crept up another step. “Not fleeing,” He promised as Hannibal grabbed for his waist, “Just… Just a few more steps, Alpha, please? Nest?”

Hannibal hummed in what might have been agreement, but he seemed reluctant to let go. Alpha’s didn’t like their Omegas to be moved during a rut, it railed against every old-fashioned protective instinct. Will groaned as Hannibal crowded his back, nudging him up the stairs and just as often pulling him back, into the safety of Hannibal’s arms, towards the thick erection that had roused itself once more.

At the top of the stairs, Will stumbled, unsteady with Hannibal’s weight against his back. Hannibal’s cock caught against his backside, prodding insistently.

“Come on,” Will complained, “Just a few more steps, and you can have me as many times as you like, in a *bed* .”

He shoved Hannibal away from him, heedless of Hannibal’s threatening grumble, and stalked towards the bedroom door. Hannibal was on him before he was all the way through it, but Will had gotten the distance he needed. They tumbled onto the bed together, and when Hannibal shoved him into the mounting position, Will did not resist.

He did let out a gasp, however, when Hannibal slid back inside him. He was sore, stretched out and oversensitive. Will fumbled for the lube they kept in the nightstand, but gave up when a harsh thrust jolted him against the bedspread. He was oversensitive from his orgasm, the silk sheets like sandpaper against his tender nipples. Will whined into the sheets, arching his back to try and shift the angle, get some relief from Hannibal’s insistent hips.

Hannibal draped over him, his weight a comfort despite Will’s sensitive skin. He pressed kisses into Will’s sweat-damp hair, groaning into the curls as his knot began to fill again, quicker this time. Will sank lower into the sheets, free now to spread his thighs as wide as they would go, to make room for Hannibal, let him carve out a space for himself inside Will’s body.

Everything was hot. Not the aching need of an Omega heat, but hot nonetheless, sweat-stained sheets and the fur of Hannibal’s chest pressed to Will’s back. Hannibal wormed a hand under Will’s hips, jerking him off with little finesse. The little break between the stairs and the bedroom had barely qualified as a recovery time, and Will squirmed and whined as Hannibal’s thick knot and calloused fingers forced him back to full hardness.

They were both slicked with sweat, sliding and writhing against each other. The sheets were a lost cause, but that was why they had heat-sheets. Will bit down on the pillow as Hannibal ground into him, stars behind his eyes, body trembling, stretched taught against the onslaught of sensation.

Will came with a whimper as Hannibal filled him again, uncomfortably tight, every pulse of his cock answered with the clench of Will's body. Hannibal barely paused, grazing his teeth over Will's shoulder, hips rocking as much as the knot would allow. Will sobbed, cock jerking in Hannibal's hands. Hannibal worked him through his orgasm, stroking him past the point of sensitivity, to an aching, unbearable place that twisted Will up in a pleasure that burned and consumed every bit of him. He couldn't take it. He wanted to, so badly.

Will had days left of this. Three days of sating Hannibal's needs, of huge hands on his hips and a cock in his ass, and no heat to take the edge off. It was the kind of thing you fantasized about, alone in your bed, but didn't *actually* want to happen.

But Will would be damned if some service Omega came into *his* home and took care of *his* Alpha. There were supplements pregnant Omegas could take, and vitamins that would give Hannibal more clarity next time, but for now, Will fucked himself back onto Hannibal's cock, forcing himself through oversensitivity, gasping and whining as they coaxed each other into another round.

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Sore and dehydrated, Will slipped from the bed to grab a water bottle from the mini-fridge they kept by the bed. Hannibal had conceded its necessity but insisted on decorating it to match the room. Will had to fumble through a layer of concealing fabric to get to his prize, and the noise roused Hannibal from the fitful slumber he'd succumbed to.

"So much for a break," Will muttered as Hannibal hauled him back into the bed with a rough grip on his arms. "Ow. Come on, Hannibal, you've got to be more careful with me now."

Hannibal's response was a low, distracted hum. Will shuddered and grabbed for his hand. Hannibal let him, let Will guide his hand over his stomach, pressing low over the small curve that had developed.

Three months. Omegas were always later to realize than women, especially ones who could dismiss symptoms as being the result of a high stress job. But there it was. Not what they'd planned. Not what they'd discussed- and oh, they were going to have a *chat* about Will's pregnancy diet and what was and wasn't acceptable to feed a child- but here, nonetheless.

Hannibal took a deep breath and stilled. He rubbed over Will's stomach, scenting over Will's throat. No doubt, Hannibal had caught the stirrings of a scent change before now, but with no previous pregnancies to compare to, he could only have speculated. And of course, not shared any of his theories with the class, the bastard.

"Will…" He rumbled, his voice hoarse and shaky.

"Yeah," Will said, "Yeah, I think so."

Hannibal tucked his face into the crook of Will's neck, and Will felt the dampness of tears trickle over his mating bite.

The rut took him again not long after, but for that moment, all Hannibal could do was cling tight, rubbing a hand in awe over Will's stomach.

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End Notes

I was told that JFMU didn't have to be OH MY GOD MOST KINK EVER, it just had to be something new to YOU. Well, not only have I never written A/B/O before, but I specifically informed my friends that if I ever wrote it, they should kill me because I'd been replaced by pod people. I didn't have a problem with it, it just, like SpaceDogs/Rarepairs, seemed like one of those things that would mean I'd gone 'too far' into fandom and there was no coming back out.

And we all know what happened with me and SpaceDogs, lol. Why yes, I DO have more A/B/O fics planned, if I ever get through my WIPS and the upcoming challenges, why do you ask?

This takes place in some unspecified alternate universe where Hannibal and Will met, fell in love, and bonded all BEFORE the encephalitis.

Will has at least one more heatless rut cycle with his Alpha, two if he carries full term. There's stuff they can both take to make it easier on them, but he's in for a wild ride regardless. ;) Just imagine the level of protective, angry Alpha instinct when Will is HEAVILY pregnant.

In fact, Hannibal will be a bit embarrassed/worried when he gets full control of his senses back. Lots of coddling for poor Will, who does not like to be coddled.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!